UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1199.

Original Poetry.

THE PAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY MRS. H. LIGHTHYE.

The past! the past! how it thrills away,
Like the rosy-tinted waves of yesterday
With the glass and the beauty it wore when 'twas new,
Then faded and sunk in the ocean blue.
Ye flowers—ye flowers that wither so fast—
What tell they to us of the past?

The lonely and sound of the whip-poor-will's notes—
The hour's pastoral clouds as on other they float—
The music of the mother's home tones by night,
The stars as they shine in their own native sky—
Ye speak to us of a place to go to,
Such bell tide weaves ye bring of the past.

EDGEWORTH SEMINARY.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Fair, lovely Edgeworth! dost in days of old,
When celebrated widely through the land,
For education's fame, here once more,
I stand with heart-felt gratitude, and pride,
Upon the fair verdure, and falling Dell!
Deep in the mosh, and hallowed to the spell,
Of many years, since thrills through my soul
And lofty ne, the thoughts, these silent beams
Arose in unison with the lofty pine,
By some red, wand'ring spirit of the past,
In melting accents, which the breeze bore,
And which the leaves in whispers responded.
All these had suffered in the wondrous change
Of time, and circumstance, but what of an change?
Oh! as I stood these silent, time-worn halls,
Where once the gallant and innocent youth
And mourning voices chimed with busy feet,
In all the playful pranks of school-child joy,
I feel once more, the spell of days gone by.
The morning mystic breath of sympathy,
Which I have breath'd before in Isaac's fields,
And fills the breast with words unspeakable!
Emotions which the heart alone can sing,
Bounding in concord as they flash and die,
With all the myriad phantoms which the past,
In its dim magnificence has left behind.
And feelings deep and lasting madly leap
From their confining prisons which, are wed
With bursting strains to join the revelry!
Forth the sweet melodies of mirth,
When weave with associations dear,
And fill'd with scenes that fade, but to'er decay,
Can buckle to the mind's control.

*Where are they now? Go ask the trembling breeze
And ponderous ocean—they can tell!
No, they have gone—on vain I look and long
For tidings of that youthful, blooming group,
Of those same forms, and fairy forms,
Dark raven ringlets, light, and not brown curls,
Large lustrous eyes, and eyes of sparkling blue,
Where once the glory and the beamed pride
Of comely Britain's fair and gorgeous race!
They've gone!—but still have left behind the scream,
Amid whose rash voluptuousness they've dwelt,
Or through the more fiery ground the while,
Wearing a wreath immortal round thy name.
For ever in their memories, and in mine now,
With truthful luster beams on gliding time!

But turn we from the parallel, and breathe
The lovely harmony belong to the view
These slowly rolls through lawn-bound winding curves,
Its white and pebbled surface,
Along the busy shore, and tow'ring hills,
The mist'ring emblem of the world's wide wake
Peep out beneath the varied forest boughs,
Just on the shores, the cliffs, and hill-top high—
What rural grandeur! as the wind is gently fanned
Hard by, almost beneath thy busy caves,
Situated in the girt of green, luxuriant grass,
Spreads out the lonely Indian battle-ground,
Where their terrific war-whoop rang out,
And in his pride the headstrong Braintree fell—
Bold conquest's victim, but the child of fame!
There too on the other side, the spot of adventure,
With manly courage, and undaunted brow,
The first day landing of the pilgrims,
And in the splendor of its bright career!

Ah! all is silent now—the happy years,
Grimaced in all their joyous hopes,
As dreams of youth, have vanished, and are gone!
Would that we might again be blest with them!

* A number of years ago I was a fascinating female's Institution, but it is now occupied as a private dwelling house. It is situated on the north side of Chestnut street, below Seventh, and is the first house west of the City of Pittsburg.

† These lines were written, impromptu, on the spot, during a recent visit.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CONTINUED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

The morning meal was ended; the sun was already high in the clear heavens, and the whole court wrapped in expectancy from the broad valley, and the bright river; and now a merry cavalcade swept across the lawn from the stables, a dozen foresters and grooms, well mounted, with led horses, two of which were held under the walls of the house.

Another flight—another glowing gallop, to make the blood dance blyshly in our veins—the gigantic oak, where the pure spring welled out so clear and limpid, from the bright yellow gravel under its guarded and tortuous recesses—and then the scene changed, and the merry green sward; there the cold pastry and its jacked cages tempt the keen appetite of the well-appointed party, plunged in the glassy waters, the tall flasks of champagne are cooling!

Why knows not the delicious zest with which the ruffled wings, the pure spring water, the merry joyous ease which, all restraint and ceremonial banished, renders the sylvan meal, in the open air, more delightful than all the pomp of artificially delightful! And all who were collected there were for the moment happy!—even the old seneschal, who, as he sipped the gay fossé, and dwelt upon the young hopes, which were so flattering then, hopes which so many years had lingered on the confirmation of that soon perished bliss, as if the great Italian had erred, were he declared so wisely that to the end.

Nemesis mugger dolore
Che chiamano gli stolti fato e Morte.
Nella mente.

The bright wine sparkled in the goblet, but brighter flashed the azure eyes of Marian; for her whole face was radiant with wild wary laughter. Was it the thrilling with social enjoyment "through every petty artery of her heart, or was it the mere rapture of the gallop, that sent her blood boiling with such excitement

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1904.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person who will procure TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the following premiums:

FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new serials.

TEN DOLLARS, six copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new serials.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS, nine copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two serials.

TWENTY DOLLARS, twelve copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two serials.

Or FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

Or TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and one copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The paper is again largely occupied with a theme which we should gladly pass over, did our duty as faithful journalists permit. But our readers have a right to be well known of all the particulars of so terrible an event, or rather series of events; as the late riot. In today's paper, it will be observed, we have published, calmly, the testimony made up a statement verified by the oaths of witnesses. There is a great deal of difference between dying rumor and the cendition of statements under the solemnity of an oath, and in presence of a court.

Our country friends will be pleased to learn that there exists here no farther danger. Quiet is restored, and all sons of all parties converse with more calmness and forbearance than before, upon the late exciting topics. A disposition is every where felt to favor and encourage legal investigation—that the false and the true, and the blame of imprudence, or charges of a grater character fall upon whose shoulders they may rest; and dispassionate inquiry can do no injustice.

In the name of all good citizens, we have the pleasure of informing our friends that it is safe, public for the promptness with which the country military came into the city on the requisition of the authorities; and for the bravery which those gave fellows displayed, who stood the brunt of the battle on Wednesday week—and in the point blank fire from the front of the end of the adjoining tavern, is to be included. Veteran soldiers could not have done better. We have had a good deal of amateurish criticism of military matters and positions, pretensive the post of the troops—a mere handful of them on Sunday night, as against the attack now of overwhelming numbers. Under circumstances, than can often happen in the course of actual and open warfare.

Another thing, we should be ashamed, were we silent to outwardly and unmanlike like lies. Discharges of cannon, loaded with an ingenious variety of jagged missiles, raked the streets, now in one direction, and now in another. At no moment could the soldiers be prepared to anticipate the fire of each new assault from either flanks or their rear. They waited, wisely waited, with natural exaggerations,—we do say that the country military, who came with little drill, and with no staff to speak of, to days, deserve alse the highest need of praise for true, reflecting, and considerate courage and patriotism. And, God, that one need be active for their active services. We know they would have been promptly and bravely rendered.

There is one more point on which we must speak, before we close. It is that the important controversy which has been addressed, and which will be found in this paper, of the mode, ration of officers and men on Sunday. The fact is clearly established that not five will not only want the authority of the laws in utter danger, but until their arms were in some instances wrested from their hands, and their companions threw down their fire scuffle, knocked down with paving stones and brickbats. It was a terrible necessity which compelled the first fire from the troops, and the comparatively few killed and wounded shown, that even then, all the care possible in the exigence was taken, not to cause unnecessary slaughter. It was a terrible and impressive lesson. Deeply to our sympathies with the friends of those who fell—among them of the innocent victims—but their exposure to danger was a matter of their own seeking. If the authorities are to be blamed in this connection, it is because by long continued, mistaken lenity, they had permitted the calling out of the military to become a farce and the exposition of law and threats of the officers by-words—not only by the rioters, but by the public. Let the full thanks are due to the men who have sacrificed their feelings and wounded their own hearts by the necessity of duty, from which we hope a kind Heaven may ever, hereafter, deliver our citizen soldiers. May the intelligence of our people defend hereafter the motto of this Commonwealth—the Virtue—Liberty—Independence." Virtue, the base on which true liberty rests—and virtue consists of person, of conscience, and of thought, defended by the authority, as well as guarding the majesty, the safeguard of true Independence.

We are to be used of arrests of citizens to our friends, the booksellers—but must again give them the go-by, until next week. Our readers will bear us in mind, that those whom we are in the habit of welcoming the receipt of books from, are not to receive to us, and will be to them, if they choose to order in their name.

We have nothing to add to-day, upon any other subject. We take leave of the reader, trusting, that on this day of rest, we shall meet him with a more cheerful paper than it has been possible to make this week's Post.

JUDGE JONES'S CHARGE.

On Monday, Judge Jones, of the Quarter Sessions, charged the Grand Inquest of the City and County, upon the subject of the illegality of depending arms in churches, engine-houses, and other places. The charge was based upon the Constitution and the Law, in relation to the right of citizens to have arms for defence of themselves. It was held did not prevent the people to assemble at places with arms, except under some recognized authority. All exceptions to the charge, in that respect, were based on an unlawful assembly, and every person engaged in it is punishable for the mischief he may do. The charge was not intended to apply to a tradesmen, for whom a tradesman's calling does occur, it is not to high treasons of arms to the object of the charge. The keeping of arms in a church or engine-house, or any other of dwelling, except a dwelling-house, for the purpose of a man not a member of the organization, testing the same against apprehended violence, or a man as a watchman, is liable to punishment. The Judge did not charge under such circumstances, it is thought, and that all arming for such purposes is illegal and unlawful.

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MOVEMENTS OF THE AUTHORITIES.

In order to avoid confusion, we would remind our distant readers that the Southwark riots are generally divisible of for other than municipal purposes, includes several corporations or municipalities, each with a distinct and separate government. The Sheriff of the county and his deputies, have, of course, official standing and authority in all; but the Magistrates of several districts have jurisdiction, also, authority in the others. This circumstance has many times embarked the arm of the law, and is likely to be regretted.

The separate corporations which form the great cluster, are The City Proper, the Northern Liberties, Kensington, Spring Garden, Moyamensing, and Southwark. There are other corporations in the county, but the most have been mentioned, and are sufficient for our purpose to say that "Philadelphia" is the name of the entire district, of which the various parts of

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 at the last six months.

Postmasters are requested to Frank their letters addressed to us. The name of "Post" is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names as initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, unless by a special order from the Post Office if arrearages are due.

Money by Mail.—Bank notes remitted in payment for subscription.

Agents are constantly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep the paper regular. We should always give names and town post for.

Letters should be addressed, Post Office restored from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will call out for the Saturday Post, either for a year or for a shorter period:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' Companion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, except all by Mount Vernon, Knox county, Ohio.

E. Humphreys, J. T. Frost and E. T. Jennings.

JOHN MILLER, Jr., East end of Main street, Zanesville, Ohio, is collecting for us in Alabama.

THOMAS T. TAYLOR is Agent for us in the States west of South Carolina, across the United States and Florida, assisted by *James S. Booth, Clinton Stone, Wm. Wilson, W. O. H. P. Brown, Wm. Pollard.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania. JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, June 30, 1844.

The news below will inform you fully as to the grand doings in London, and also at the Royal residence at Windsor, in honor of Majesty's visit from the Emperor of all the Russias. It will then, be unnecessary for me to say a word in relation to the *festivities*, but there is a great deal of little-tattle as to the political conversations said to have been held between the Emperor and Sir Robert Peel, to which, on the other hand, some credit, if not exist. Some say that a closer intimacy between Russia and France was talked of—and a fuller understanding of Europe in shortly to be the first boy he came to. Others say that the Emperor was disgusted as not to be allowed to have his hearing him away from by, he said to him, "Wellington, you are getting old, and your emotion, said, 'I can the poor boy died in a few

ITON GRAYS.

ory company, the Boston in this city on Wednesday, a concert of this ir fathers then on duty. several streets, the gooss were all in armor the afternoon Gen. Cass a dinner at the Museum of Natural History, and, is most eloquent. ion with which this ion was received now in the city, and those who are accustomed to ch judge.

FLOODS.

now from the West is ster character. The floo that the Ohio, which ssippi much below Vicksburg has been immense. Many hundreds of Bachelors' Retreat, each, and for several hundred acres of cotton plantations on Walnut Bayou, Bayou Vidal, as we shall soon have, and the Mississippi on goes on to estimate of Arkansas. Mississippi

HAYTI.

U. S. Consul to Cape Haytien, New York on Sunday. The Consul was received in grand style; it was quiet, and painful for the present. From the Consul his citizens he could get affairs in order. He left the island during the month of June, which, Guards are very noble looking troops, I look with more interest on the rest of soldiers who carried the Emperor's colors at Leipsic and Ulm. The Emperor ordered a great number of rich and valuable articles of manufacture, to be sent as St. Petersburg, from different parts of England. The Emperor entered a great number of rich and valuable articles of manufacture, to be sent to St. Petersburg, from different parts of England. The Emperor's arriving and travelling without escort, was also a high mark of confidence in the people. Prince Albert, the Queen of Saxony, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, why they are travelling here, these and every where—exercising the duties of the social courtesies of the United Kingdom. The French Court has gone into mourning for H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans, who died at Neuilly, dynasty—a sign, it is said, that Louis Philippe is doing all he can to show other Powers, his peaceful disposition. Whether it will do so, I think, I have given you a pretty good dish of chit-chat about the sayings and doings of the so-called sayings and doings of the

MEXICO.

There is but little of novelty in the fashions since I last wrote; but I quote the following from the Correspondence of Fashionable Life:

"Robe of silk, dead leaf color; corsage very open, showing a lace chemisette, sleeves à la Louis XIII.; cap of white lace, with a bow, having on a very full under sleeve, Spanish mantilla of black lace very long and full. Bonnet of *paille de Italie*, ornamented only by a full bow on a pretty woman, such a dress must be gracious and becoming.

Now, only think, you free Republicans!—there are nearly 1,000 officers employed in the Police of Paris; and as for spies, secret agents, &c., they are innumerable. The Duke of Nemours, Louis Philippe is the favorite of the middle classes. They wish for no change, to himself—and they, in their turn, will be unassailable by any attempt at change of his throne. The wealthy English in Paris, are subject to exorbitant charges from medical men. About a fortnight since, a lady, the daughter of the British Premier, was charged by a surgeon in Paris 15,000 francs, for a brief attendance. It was evidently a case of extortion, and on a friend negotiating, the sum of Esculapius was contented with only 500 francs. *O tempora—O mores!*

The iron workers of England are now receiving 3s. 6d. per day for labor—a capital remuneration, and the trade generally is looking brisk. A late Liverpool paper gives an account of nine barrels of rum having been imported into Liverpool from Havana. Upon examination, they were found to be tin cases filled with tobacco, and merely coated with rum. The party-rum was sold at a high price, quickened in his flight, perhaps, by the fact that nine other barrels are suspected.

At Dadanelle, a town in Arkansas, has been discovered to massacre the Turks. A number of Arabs were in the plot, and the ringleaders were in jail. At Cairo, Egypt, the Sabah Sultan Beldeddin has been found, for connecting several Fellahs, who had been ordered to return to their native villages. And Sefy, another high magistrate of Egypt, has been sent to the galleys for extortion. These things show that Ibrahim Pacha is not to be trifled with. I observe in Lieut. Greenwood's account of the Afghan War, a young Afghan was observed hacking off the head of a dead cotemporary. "What a barbarous savage!" exclaimed a soldier who was near, and who coolly took the young Afghan on his bayonet and threw him over a cliff. Which was the greater barbarian of the two?

The King of Prussia has created a Board of Commerce, and placed M. Koene, formerly his Minister in the United States, at its head. Jenny Lutzer, the celebrated singer in the Imperial Theatre, at Vienna, has married Dingelstadt, the poet. She has left the stage, and the Emperor, to show his approbation of her, has actually made her an Aulic counsellor. No less a sum than £500,000 has been collected for the Free Church of Scotland. Apropos of churches, I have recently met with an official return which cannot fail to prove interesting in the United States. It shows the state of the beginning of the eighteenth century, down to the present time, (142 years,) the "Society of Friends" has called into existence, and has paid £1,078,075 for Church Rates. The amount paid by them from 1840 to 1843, was £52,500.

It may not be out of place here to mention, that the Lords of the Admiralty have recently ordered an examination of mercantile steamships to be made, with a view of ascertaining how many could be rendered available instantly for naval war. The answer was encouraging. It seems that one company alone, the General Steam Navigation Company, could supply forty-eight sea-going war steamers, which would be armed with Paixhan cannon, and other heavy guns, at a few days notice. Indeed, they are to be made near each of the great ports. The steam-frigates and sloops in the English Navy are 125—19 in commission; and it is believed that the Mercantile Marine would produce a steam-force of 500 or 600. But why these tremendous preparations? At present, only a single line-of-battle ship is ready for launching, to be called the "Terrible," and the largest in the Navy. It will be armed with eight hundred horse power. People are really at a loss to know the reason of all this arming. I perceive that the Turkish Navy is also afloat. At present it numbers

15 Ships of the Line
25 Frigates.
17 Corvettes.
11 Brigs.
9 Sloops.
6 War Steamers

It is very possible that this tolerably powerful Navy of the Sultan, has attracted the attention of Her Majesty and England—and that it formed one of the topics of political conversation between the Emperor and Sir Robert Peel.

Army & Navy.

U. S. ARMY.

The following official document presents the changes, promotions, &c., which have occurred in the army of the United States, since the 1st of January last, a portion of the facts contained have been published at different times in the Post; but we give this connected and official statement as interesting to many of our readers in every state in the Union.

1. PROMOTIONS.—*Second Regiment of Artillery*—Brevet Second Lieut. Wm. H. French, 1st Lieut. Second Artillery, 9th March, 1844, vice Dimick, resigned.

Brevet 2d Lieut. David Ogden, of the Third Artillery, 1st Lieut. Second Artillery, June 1, 1844, vice Smith, promoted.

Third Regiment of Artillery—Brevet First Lieut. George H. Thomas, to be First Lieutenant, April 30, 1844, vice Lovell, resigned.

Second Lieut. Horace B. Field, to be First Lieutenant, June 27, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. John McLaws, of the Fourth Artillery, to be Second Lieutenant, June 27, 1844, vice Thomas, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Lucius E. Kilburn, to be Second Lieutenant, June 27, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

First Regiment of Infantry—Second Lieut. Garnett Duncan, to be First Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Cone, resigned.

Second Lieut. George W. Wallace, to be First Lieutenant, March 1, 1844, vice Mose, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles D. Rousseau, of the Eighth Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, January 31, 1844, vice Wharton, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Eugene E. McLean, of the Second Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 1, 1844, vice Gardner, resigned.

Second Regiment of Infantry—Brevet Second Lieut. Lafayette McLaws, of the Second Infantry, to be First Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Hoffman, deceased.

Third Regiment of Infantry—First Lieut. George P. Field, to be Captain, February 29, 1844, vice Whistler, deceased.

Second Lieut. Reuben R. Johnson, to be First Lieutenant, February 29, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Thomas Wilson, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, Feb. 29, 1844, vice Johnson, promoted.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry—Brevet First Lieut. Armistead, to be First Lieutenant, March 30, 1844, vice Lieut. Armistead, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles T. Baker, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Armistead, promoted.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry—First Lieut. George P. Field, to be Captain, February 29, 1844, vice Whistler, deceased.

Second Lieut. Reuben R. Johnson, to be First Lieutenant, February 29, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Thomas Wilson, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, Feb. 29, 1844, vice Johnson, promoted.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry—Second Lieut. Lewis Armistead, to be First Lieutenant, March 30, 1844, vice Lieut. Armistead, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles T. Baker, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Armistead, promoted.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry—First Lieut. George P. Field, to be Captain, February 29, 1844, vice Whistler, deceased.

Second Lieut. Reuben R. Johnson, to be First Lieutenant, February 29, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Thomas Wilson, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, Feb. 29, 1844, vice Johnson, promoted.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry—Brevet Second Lieut. Lafayette McLaws, of the Second Infantry, to be First Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Hoffman, deceased.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles D. Rousseau, of the Eighth Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, January 31, 1844, vice Wharton, resigned.

Second Regiment of Infantry—First Lieut. George P. Field, to be Captain, February 29, 1844, vice Whistler, deceased.

Second Lieut. Reuben R. Johnson, to be First Lieutenant, February 29, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Thomas Wilson, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, Feb. 29, 1844, vice Johnson, promoted.

Regiment of Infantry—Second Lieut. Lewis Armistead, to be First Lieutenant, March 30, 1844, vice Lieut. Armistead, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles T. Baker, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 31, 1844, vice Armistead, promoted.

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Selected Poetry.

JOURNEYMAN'S SONG.

BY Tom Willet "Diary of Many Days," in the last New Mirror, we cite the following song, in relation to which he says:—"The accompanying lines I found in a book, and a pretty ingenious one too. I suppose we may call it a work-a-day song, as it is played upon a reel, but it shows the specific gravity of poetic talent in our common mechanic artisan or trader will they suspended—and the music is heavily pendulous in timing, there is scarcely a note which could not conveniently be already within its proper place, and the whole is a fair specimen of the following. By the way, is the law dead that have suppressed the "Beggar's Opera," and nothing a score of gallery in the Station's Hall at night after shutters?

1st Jour.—It is mercury the cony's clogg'd,
2d Jour.—Throw the stampmill has been nipp'd.
3d Jour.—Throw the bellows to tune, 'tis time.

1st Jour.—Fish's here we all the ten;
'Tis useful to endless men.
Sound about the cauldron go,
In the finery somewhere we blow;
For from back of Bessmer lane
Full beneath the bellows flow
Chemist of old come brewer sky,
Gone prepared in the eye,
Spring from three among,
Spring from three among.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st Jour.—Hyssian mole that under ground,
Blind with the scoria round,
Worst of workers blindfold ever
For Tankee's club has stone of steel,
Which, if you'll only swear,
Mendour caught in "figure four."
Cast them in the smelting pot,
Boil them in the great hot.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3d Jour.—For a drowned puppy and dead cat,
Rotten take of lagwood bark,
A sprinkling of the rose of leaves,
With green sulphuretted vapours,
Tripe chez Amelie grec,
Tripe chez Amelie grec.
Round about the cauldron go,
In the strong ingredients throw;
Stir it with a crooked stick,
Incantation and sentiment quick;
For a pipe of powerful trouble,
Make the hot broth boil and bubble.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Upon a wheel suspend each hat,
And turn it slowly in the vat
To turn and steep the tainted lies
Send them to the finishers.

Counter chorus.—Then by hand,
All meet at the bottom's shop,
Open with pincers, nip and rouse,
We daily darned our rapidness.
The stripp'd and clipp'd and raker'd jet,
Until on very hats not smeared.

Bonnet.—Tell us, Monie, what you want,
To have where at the finishers,
Tell us of the common sort,
Which is done by maidens fair.

Maid.—Pat. By the shaping of your hats,
Something different in every corner,
Let appear whatever you will.
(Whistle, hey-day, and away.)

Selected Articles.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human responsibility depends upon that circumstance—distance! If the most intimate associate were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be changed and corrected! They would blush at their fancied erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that clouds its beautiful influences on society would fade away and be forgotten.

If we one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, made to my inexpressible joy, in the first month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given me with as of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess at Camden House, after every holiday examination, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to look down in Lavinia and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and quarrelled through life, and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was supporting the dignity of the Varasour family, that, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, all the estate, it was to be kept both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these pernicious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. Wise! I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, for I liked my cousin. I remember, a passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, I thought, for a hundred Wales and indeed of an orphan, of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her—a professed rake, too, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me, who will insult my feelings, destroy my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned; I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, never their office, and tremble at their authority, but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! no! I positively cannot think of it."

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to wed me, and was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. Mr. Ingestrie, I found, was not to be asked. I wished Ingestrie was present to see me, and to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my single situation, when a thought struck me—Can I not see him, and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother: why on pretence her to see my visit her cousin? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants, to all appearance a girl of no pretension or importance, and entirely dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate: and I shall never forget my surprise, when, at the moment, I was and rather renewed young man, in appearance of health, who introduced to me by the name of Hamilton. Retiring and deemed hastily Previously have I been treated, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rushed in succession. Cousin emotionally brought us together, and prudence began to relinquish. Vain Indifference! Still I lingered: till one evening, towards the close of a long intercourse of confidence, on saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it possible to be rich and happy, and to be poor and unhappy, "The admission means—and you love me still now!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. He confessed, with increasing emotion, with my unhappy situation, but still hoping a return that, resulting from a union with Miss Varasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, however, more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my fortune—He endured me for a moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and I fainted. I know what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not, with a great effort, recalled to my breast—I may say nothing to you till you have, in person, conveyed your sentiments to Miss Varasour. Nothing—absolutely nothing—but why? Can money her again and again, I have resolved never to be her associate, her table, and sometimes—as my estates induce me to think of her head of my table, a happy hearted has been, in great spectacles?"

Hump-backed! I never thought of cradle. But you color. Do you know her? "Intimately. More, I must acknowledge, than I could wish." I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky day I am! I hope you're not offended?" "Offended! offended! Oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the handsomest, Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a shudder. "Oh! I had no conception you could be reconciled, so soon, as he could endure him well. That there was any thing in his person to be most intimate, I replied: and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most consistent, paramount, and sound, and disagreeable young man breathing. Not your cousin. Yes: for form's sweet guardian. Well, her answer you shall have mine! And with a hasty bow I left the room, where I was never to necessary contact to see, I continued to make my escape. I left that most quiet, for the most morning, to my valuable friend to whom I returned home.

A few weeks after made Sir Edgar come of age. The bells were ringing lustily in the forest—the tenants were dancing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My one was taken. With a large pair of convex spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, I prepared for this tremendous interview. I was young and hale unintermingled, and with confidence I—most harrowing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been mentioned. "No! no!" said I, in a tone that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy—"No! no! it is presumptuous to suppose that Sir Edgar Varasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughs, and an ecclesiastic interceded with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Of last-breath scapes."—Othello.

I have read somewhere of a traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a cutlass, a cuirass, a dagger, and an umbrella, and was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella, grappled with a bear, when he was lighted down a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting knife, owed his existence to a whip.

He was specimen hunting glw W——, a first-rate hand at preserving, somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense cover, there sprang out upon him —not a panther or catamount—but with twice the whoop and yell of both, a band of Indians, who were hostile to our settlers. W—— a gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him bolder than Gessler's celebrated Marquis, lifted eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes, and conceive, besides the savage features, made savager by paint and warlike, something between up to a diabolical crime of triumphant malignity: his red right hand clinched round the blade—the left, by a frizzle top-knot; and then, the artificial swab coming off in the struggle with the left.

W—— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged the captive head through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop announced the capture to those in the spot. The Indian addressed him with vehement gestures, the purport of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its office, and the scalp of the victim was passionomically described. All Indian seductiveness and resources were overcome. The miserable pale face was a subject of wonder: he and the war was fitted on, tightly, naked, and all the party began to dance in the captive's hands. Capt. Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Brobdingnagians.

From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urchins. W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its office, and the scalp of the victim was passionomically described. All Indian seductiveness and resources were overcome. The miserable pale face was a subject of wonder: